



Sunday begins a week when many reflect on the deepest realities and hopes of their lives. Some are in Cathedrals participating in ancient and elaborate liturgies: Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter.

Others are on the crest of a hill, in the garden, watching the ocean, beside a hospital bed. We here at Starcross, like many others, are more or less in between.

This can be a week to take seriously our many quests for the sacred and for authenticity. Sometimes that may take us into deep and uncomfortable places and sometimes we may soar.

I remember a day in our chapel when a monk who had been tortured, spontaneously sang a song he had written in prison. The first line roughly translated,

God never promised that the sky would be always blue ...

That is right but it also true, and that monk would very much agree, that when the sky is blue, we should profoundly treasure it!

Brother Toby